

**THWARTED, OR,
DUCK'S EGGS IN A
HEN'S NEST: A STORY**

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Thwarted, Or, Duck's Eggs in a Hen's Nest: A Story by Florence Montgomery

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FLORENCE MONTGOMERY

**THWARTED, OR,
DUCK'S EGGS IN A
HEN'S NEST: A STORY**

BY THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME.

THROWN TOGETHER.

A STORY.

By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY,

Author of "Thwarted," "Misunderstood," etc.

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THWARTED;

OR,

DUCKS' EGGS IN A HEN'S NEST.

A STORY.

180770.

BY

FLORENCE MONTGOMERY, L. G. S.

AUTHOR OF "THROWN TOGETHER," "MISUNDERSTOOD," ETC.



PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1874

TO
MY YOUNGEST BROTHER,
ALEC,

THIS LITTLE STORY IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

The Washerwoman and her Family	PAGE 9
--	------------------

CHAPTER II.

The Quiet Little Village of Grinfield	15
---	----

CHAPTER III.

The Brother and Sister's Walk Home	22
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Trying to get at the Past	30
-------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

The Fairy at the Big House	41
--------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

The Letter from Bournby	66
-----------------------------------	----

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

	PAGE
The Burden of a Double Secret	84

CHAPTER VIII.

The Parable of the Talents	93
--------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IX.

The Sister's Self-Sacrifice	103
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

The Fairy Child at the Infant-school	111
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

The Sister's Reward	122
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

The Bonbon Box	130
--------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

The Mystery Cleared Up	140
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

The Great Carver's Greatest Work	152
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

After Ten Years	160
---------------------------	-----

THWARTED.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE WASHERWOMAN AND HER FAMILY.

It was Christmas time in the little village of Grinfield.

The snow lay thick and crisp on the hard ground, and all the ponds in the neighborhood were well frozen over.

It was bright winter weather, and the sun was shining in cheerfully at the open door of a cottage at the end of the lane, where lived a poor washerwoman, a widow, and her three children.

The inside of the cottage was scrupulously neat and clean; a good fire crackled merrily in the grate, and a substantial-looking pot was sending forth a savory smell.

Near the fire sat a little boy, making a wooden soldier, and a nice-looking girl of eighteen was laying the cloth for dinner.

The widow herself, with arms bared to the elbow, was standing at a table in the window, sorting some clothes, preparatory to putting them into the wash-tub.

Though worn with hard work, and prematurely gray, she was evidently still young, and it was easy to see she must once have been very handsome. She had, even now, far more claim to real beauty than her young daughter, though the girl was more pleasing-looking, from having an air of greater refinement.

The mother was cast in a coarser mould. She was on a larger scale, though she was not so tall; and she was far more strongly built. Her hands and arms were large and brawny, and looked as if they had done much work in their day, and done it well.

There was energy and determination in her quick step and in her large dark eye. She worked with a will even while sorting the clothes; and there was that about her whole appearance and in the deep lines in her forehead which seemed to tell